

CEREALIA:

A N
IMITATION
OF
MILTON.

The Second Edition with Additions.

*Per Ambages, Deorumque Ministeria præcipitandus
est liber Spiritus.*

Petronius.

*By G. Fenton
Jes. Coll. Cant.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in
St. Paul's Church-yard. 1706.

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C E R E A L I A:

An Imitation of MILTON.

OF English *Tipple*, and the Potent Grain,
 Which in the Conclave of Celestial Pow'rs
 Bred fell Debate, Sing Nymph of heavenly Stem
 Who on the hoary Top of *Pen-main-maur*,
MERLIN the Seer didst visit, whilst he fate
 With Astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
 Young Actions issuing from the Fates *Divan*.
 Full of thy Pow'r infus'd by Nappy ALE,
 Darkling he watch'd the Planetary Orbs,
 In their obscure Sojourn o'er Heav'n's high Cope.
 Nor ceas'd till the gray Drawn with Orient Dew
 Impearl'd his large Mustachoes, deep ensconc'd
 Beneath his overshadowing Orb of Hat,
 And ample Fence of Elephantin Nose.
 Scornful of keenest Polar Winds, or Sleet,
 Or Hail, sent ratling down from wintry *Jove*.
 (Vain Efforts on his sev'n-fold Mantle, made
 Of *Caledonian* Rug, Immortal Woof!)
 Such Energy of Soul to raise the Song,
 Daign, Goddess, now to Me, nor then withdraw
 Thy sure presiding Pow'r, but guide my Wing,
 VVhich nobly meditates no vulgar Flight.

And

And THOU whose peerless Descant cou'd retard
 The liquid Lapse of *Isis*, Fond to hear
 Thy Muse in sportive Mood resounding sweet,
 A *Shilling*, *Breeches*, and *Chimera's* dire :
 By thy Exemplar urg'd, with loving Leer
 Behold me soar ; and with strong Pennons Fan
 No common Sky : so may old *Chronos* spare
 Thy Galligaskins, and *Apollo* boon
 From Catchpole in close Ambushment perdue,
 Or Dun Loquacious, long protect his Priest.

NOW from th' ensanguin'd *Ister's* reeking Flood
 Tardy with many a Corse of *Boian* Knight,
 And *Gallic* deep ingulft, with barbed Steeds
 Promiscuous, *FAME* to high *Olympus* flew,
 Shearing th' Expanse of Heav'n with active Plume,
 Nor swifter from *Plinlimon's* steepy Top,
 The staunch *Gerfaulcon* thro' the buxom Air
 Stoops on the Steerage of his Wings, to Truss
 The Quarry, Hern, or Mallard, newly sprung
 From Creek, whence bright *Sabrina* bubbling forth,
 Runs fast a *Nais* thro' the Flow'ry Meads,
 To spread round *Uriconium's* Tow'rs her Streams.
 Her Golden Trump the Goddesses founded thrice,
 Whose shrilling Clang reach'd Heav'n's extreamest
 Sphear.

Rouzd

Rouz'd at the Blast, the Gods with winged speed
 To learn the Tidings came on radiant Thrones,
 With fair Memorials, and Impresses quaint
 Emblazon'd o'er they fate, deviz'd of old
 By *Mulciber*, nor small his Skill I ween.

There *SHE* relates what *CHURCHILL*'s Arm
 had wrought,

On *Blenheim*'s bloody Plain. Up *Bacchus* rose,
 By his plump Cheek and Barrel Belly known.
 The pliant Tendrils of a Leafy Vine
 Around his Rosie Brow in Ringlets curl'd;
 And in his Hand a Bunch of Grapes he bore,
 The Ensigns of the God! with ardent Tone
 He mov'd, that straight the Nectar-Bowl shou'd flow,
 Devote to *CHURCHILL*'s Health, and o'er all
 Heav'n

Uncommon Orgies shou'd be kept till Eeve,
 Till all were sated with immortal Moust,
 Delicious *Tipple*! that in heav'nly Veins.
 Assimilated vigorous *Ichor* bred:
 Superiour to *Frontiniac* or *Bourdeaux*,
 Or old *Falern*, *Campania*'s best Increase:
 Or the more Dulcet Juice the Happy Isles
 From *Palma*, or *Forteventura* send.

Joy flush'd on ev'ry Face, and pleasing Glee
 Inward Assent discover'd, till up rose

CERES, not blithe, for Marks of Latent Woe
 Dim on her Visage Lowr'd: such her Deport
 When *Arethusa* from her Reedy Bed,
 Told her how *Dis* young *Proserpine* had Rap'd,
 To sway his Iron Sceptre, and command
 In Gloom *Tartareous*, Half his wide Domain.]
 Then sighing thus she said----Have I so long
 Employ'd my various Art t'enrich the Lap
 Of Earth All-bearing Mother, and my Lore
 Communicated to th' unweeting Hind,
 And shall not This Preeminence obtain?
 Then from beneath her *Tyrian* Vest she took
 The bearded Ears of Grain she most Admir'd,
 Which Gods call *Crithe*, in Terrestrial Speech
 Eccl'ped *BARLEY*. 'Tis to this, she cry'd,
 The *British* Cohorts owe their Martial Fame
 And far Redoubted Prowess, matchless Youth!
 This, when returning from the Foughten Field,
 Or *Noric*, or *Iberian*, seam'd with Scars,
 (Sad Signatures of many a dreadful Gash!)
 The Veteran Carowing soon restores
 puissance to his Arm, and strings his Nerves.
 And as a Snake, when first the Rosie Hours
 Shed Vernal Sweets o'er ev'ry Vale and Mead,
 Rows tardy from his Cell obscure, and dank,
 But when by Genial Rays of Summer Sun
 Purg'd of his Slough, he nimbler Thrids the Brake.
 Whet-

Whetting his Sting, his Crested Head he Rears
 Terrific, from each Eye retort he shoots
 Enfanguin'd Rays, agape the Swains admire
 His various Neck, and Spires bedropt with Gold.
 So at each Glass the harraſt Warriour feels
 Vigour reſtate, his horrent Arms he takes,
 And Ruſting Fauchion, on whoſe ample Hilt
 Long *VICTORY* fate dormant: ſoon ſhe ſhakes
 Her drowſie Wings, and follows to the War
 With Speed ſuccinct, where ſoon his Martial Port
 She Recognizes whiſt he Haughty ſtands,
 On the rough Edge of Battle, and beſtows
 Wide Torment on the Serried Files ſo uſ'd,
 Frequent in bold Emprife, to work ſad Rout,
 And Havoc dire; theſe the brave *Briton* mows,
 Dauntleſs as Deities exempt from Fate;
 Ardent to deck his Brow with Mural Gold,
 Or Civic Wreath of Oak, the Victor's Meed.

Such is the Pow'r of *ALE*, with Vines embowr'd,
 While dangling Bunches court his thirſting Lip,
 Sullen he ſits, and ſighing oft Extols
 The Beverage they quaff, whoſe happy Soil
 Prolific *Downs* Laves, or *Trenta's* Urn
 Adorns with waving *Crithe*, (joyous Scenes
 Of vegetable Gold!) ſecure they dwell
 Nor feel the' Eternal Snows that cloath their Cliffs:
 Nor

Nor curse th' inclement Air, whose horrid Face
 Scowls like that Arctic Heav'n, that drizzling shed's
 Perpetual Winter on the frozen Skirts
 Of *Scandinavia*, and the *Baltic* Main,
 Where the young Tempests first are taught to roar.
 Snug in their Straw-built Hutts, or darkling
 Earth'd

In Cavern'd Rock they live (small need of Art
 To form spruce Architrave, or Cornice quaint
 On *Parian* Marble with *Corinthian* Grace
 Prepar'd) there on well-fueled Hearth they Chat,
 Whilst black Pots walk the Round with laughing
 ALE

Surcharg'd; or Brew'd in Planetary Hour,
 When *March* weigh'd Night and Day in equal Scale:
 Or in *October* Tunnd, and Mellow grown
 With sev'n Revolving Suns, the Racy Juice
 Strong with delicious Flavour, strikes the Sense!

But if *Pomona* from her VVintry Hoor'd
 VWell-ripen'd Apples bounteously bestows;
 VVon from the Bough when *Autumn* rear'd his
 Front,
 Scath'd with the torrid Rage of *Syrian* Star,
 VVith yellow Leaves, and copious Fruitage Crown'd;
 The Rural Spouse with defty Hand prepares
 Fare not inelegant; the Bowl bing ting'd
 VVith

With Sweets extracted from the balmy Reeds
 That drop mellifluous Dews, condens'd to Grain
 By swart *Brasilian* : adding od'rous Nut
 Fetcht from those Aromatic Groves that breath
 Diffusive Fragrance, which for many a League
 Cheers *Neptune*, on the *Erythrean* Wave
 Disporting : soften'd to the inmost Core,
 But not Aduſt, the Fruits emit the Pulp
 Thro' discontinuous Peel, and hot immers'd
 O'er-fleece the Goblet : all devoid of broil
 Devour the mixt Conſiſtence, rare Repaſt!

Nor want on vaſt Circumference of Board,
 Of *Arthur's* imitative, large Surloin
 Of Ox, or Virgin-Heifer, wont to browse
 The Meads of *Longovicum* (fatt'ning Soil !
 Replete with Clover-graſs, and foodful Shrub)
 Planted with Sprigs of Roſemary it ſtands,
 Meet Paragon (as far as Great with Small
 May correſpond) for ſome *Panchæan* Hill,
 Imbrown'd with fultry Skies, Thin ſet with Palm,
 And Olive intermingling rare, whoſe Shade
 Screens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
 The Quiver'd *Arabs* vagrant Clan that waits
 Infidious ſome rich Caravan, which Fares
 To *Mecca*, with *Barbaric* Gold full fraught.

D

Thus

Thus *Britain's* Hardy Sons, of Rustic Mould,
 Patient of Arms, still Quash th' Aspiring *Gaul*,
 Blest by my Boon : which when they slightly Prize,
 Shou'd they with high Defence of Triple Brass
 Wide-circling, live Immur'd (as erst was try'd
 By *BACON's* Charms on which the sick'ning Moon
 Look'd Wan, and Cheerless Mew'd her Crescent
 Horns

Whilst *Demogorgon* hear'd his stern Behest)
 Thrice the prevailing Pow'r of *GALLIA's* Arms,
 Shou'd there resistless Ravage, as of Old
 Great *Pharamond*, the Founder of her Fame,
 Was wont, when first his Marshal'd Peerage pass'd
 The Subject *Rhene*. What, tho' *Britannia* Boasts
 Her self a World, with Ocean Circumfus'd?
 Tis *ALE* that warms her Sons t'assert her Claim,
 And with full Volley makes her Naval Tubes
 Thunder disastrous Doom t'opponent Pow'rs!

Nor potent only to enkindle *Mars*,
 And Fire with Knightly Prowess Recreant Souls :
 It Science can Encourage, and Excite
 The Mind to Ditties blithe, and charming Song.
 Thou, *Pallas*, to my Speech just Witness bear :
 How oft hast thou thy Votaries beheld
 At *Crambo* merry met, and Hymning shrill
 With Voice Harmonic some, whilst others Frisk

In

In Mazy Dance, or *Cestrian* Gambols shew,
 Elate with mighty Joy, when to the Brim
Critheian Nectar Crown'd the Lordly Bowl.
 (Equal to *Nestor's* pondrous Cup, which ask'd
 A Heroe's Arm to Mount it on the Board,
 E'er he th' Embattail'd *Pylians* led, to Quell
 The Prime of *Dardan* Youth in Hosting dire.)
 Or if, with Front unblest, came Tow'ring in
PROCTOR Armipotent, in stern Deport
 Resembling Turban'd *Turk*, when high he wields
 His Scimeter with huge Two-handed Sway.
 With Eye askance the Hubbub he surveys,
 And menacing begins a hideous Peal,
 To damp symphonious Descant (Can ye Gods
 Patient permit in Reas'ning Soul such Ire?)
 Alarm'd with threat'ning Accent, harsher far
 Than that ill-omen'd Sound the Bird of Night
 With Beak uncomely bent, from Dodder'd Oak
 Screams out, the sick Man's Trump of doleful
 Doom :

Thy jocund Sons confront the horrid Van,
 That crowds his *Gonfalon* of sev'n-foot Size :
 And with their Ruby'd Faces stand the Foe ;
 Whilst they of sober Guise contrive Retreat,
 And run with Ears erect ; as the tall Stag
 Unharbour'd by the Wood-Man quits his Layre,
 And flies the Yerning Pack which close pursue

So they not Bowſie dread th' approaching Foe:
 They Run, they Fly, till flying on Obſcure,
 Night-founder'd in Town-Ditch's ſtagnant Gurge,
SOPH rowls on *SOPH* Promiſcuous--Caps a-loof
 Quadrâte and Circular confus'dly fly,
 The Sport of fierce *Norwegian* Tempeſts, toſt
 By *Thraſcias* Coadjutant, and the Roar
 Of loud *Euroclydon's* tumultuous Guſts.

She ſaid, the *SIRE* of Gods and Men Supreme,
 With Aſpect bland Attentive Audience gave,
 Then Nodded Awful: from his ſhaken Locks
 Ambroſial Fragrance flew: the Signal giv'n
 By *Ganymede* the Skinker ſoon was Ken'd;
 VVith *ALE* He Heav'n's Capacious Goblet
 Crown'd,
 To *Phrygian* Mood *Apollo* Tun'd his Lyre,
 The Muſes ſang alternate, all Carows'd,
 But *Bacchus* murmuring left th' Aſsembl'd Pow'rs

F I N I S.



